

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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JANUARY 23, 1921

"Digging Out."

BY BAYARD DANIEL YORK.



"EARL!" His sister's voice did not arouse Earl Mulford from his contemplation of the wind-driven snow that was "cutting" against the windowpane.

"Earl, how do you find the median of a triangle?"

He did not reply for a moment. Then—"Don't know," he muttered shortly.

It seemed to him that it had been snowing forever. And he was beginning to believe that it was going to keep on snowing forever.

The storm had come as a climax of trouble. Earl had failed in his try for the basket-ball team; he had been informed by his French teacher that his work in that subject was unsatisfactory; for some reason he had been left out of Ted Coy's skating party on the previous Saturday afternoon.

And now, when he had been looking forward all the week to the big party at Cy Washburn's home, the storm had come just in time to render the mile stretch of road to the city impassable!

It was not merely that he minded failing to make the team, falling below standard in his study, and missing the parties. His faith in people had been shaken. He was not yet ready to say that the coach, the teacher, and Ted had been unfair or unkind—but the thought was lurking in his mind. Anyway, it was tough to be snowed in on the night of Cy's party, for there was always something good in store when Cy invited his many friends to his house.

Earl turned from the window and started toward the kitchen, walking with a slow heavy step. But at this moment Grace appeared in the doorway.

"I found it!" she cried. "I hunted till I discovered the formula, and then worked it out—and it came out right!"

Earl gazed at her in a detached manner. Girls were queer creatures! Here was his sister, showing real animation, her eyes snapping and her cheeks aglow,

all because she had found the length of the median of a triangle!

"No party to-night for us," he said.

The light faded from her eyes.

"You think we can't go?" she asked.

"Is the storm as bad as that?"

"Bad as that!" Earl repeated. "There's a drift out by the corner of the barn that reaches almost to the eaves—it's ten feet high if it's an inch! I'll bet the road down by Trout Brook is six feet under snow."

For a moment Grace did not move. Then she gave her brown curls a toss.

"If we can't go, we can't," she remarked.

"We might as well be cheerful about it."

Earl felt her eyes fixed searchingly on his face.

"You haven't seemed like yourself lately," she said. "What's the matter?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Guess I'm snowed under," he muttered. "It's not anything a girl would understand. And now I'm going to crawl into a hole somewhere till this storm ends!"

Had he really done this he would not have had long to remain in obscurity, for about ten minutes later the wind gave a last wild roar and subsided. Presently the sun was shining, and Earl's father came in with a call to dig out the path to the barn.

Earl glanced at the clock. It was a few minutes past three. A fleeting hope that it might be possible to clear the road of

drifts came to him. After they had made a path to the barn he spoke to his father about it.

"The drifts must be pretty bad," Mr. Mulford said slowly. "Still we might try—no harm in trying. Why—hello, Frank!"

Frank Tuttle was their nearest neighbor on the side away from the city. At the moment he looked more like a snow-man than a human being.

"Thought I'd never make it," he puffed. "Mother's had one of her bad turns. I've come for Mrs. Mulford—if she'll go back with me."

"Of course she will," Mr. Mulford exclaimed quickly. "But we'll have to dig out the road."

Earl's mounting hopes dashed to earth. By the time they had cleared the way to the Tuttle farm it would be too late to shovel toward the city.

"Oh, well," he muttered to himself, "I'm not going to Cy's to-night—and that's the end of that!"

Mr. Tuttle's house was less than half a mile distant, but progress was slow. And yet a rather strange thing happened. As Earl's muscles became weary and as in all reason his spirit should have become more and more dejected, he began to feel somewhat cheerful—for the first time in days.

For the moment, at least, the world of basket-ball and of studies and of school-



mates who might be disloyal friends was a distant thing. Close at hand, demanding his entire attention, was this seemingly endless drift of snow, through which he must dig a path in order that a sick woman might be helped.

When he looked back and saw that his mother had already started, he redoubled his efforts, that she might reach Mrs. Tuttle without a minute of delay.

Some minutes later, Earl trudged slowly back to the house. Grace opened the door.

"Mother had me make some cocoa," she said. "You must be cold and tired."

He grinned slightly as he drew off his mittens and sat down at the table.

"I'm not cold, but I am tired," he said.

He drank the cup of hot cocoa slowly. Then he looked up.

"Do you suppose I can ever get French through my head?" he asked.

Grace nodded.

"Of course you can," she answered. "Just dig away at those irregular verbs until you know them by heart."

She glanced up with a quick smile.

"Is that what has been bothering you?" she asked.

Earl arose.

"Not altogether," he told her. "But I think I am beginning to dig out."

He walked into the front room, and stood looking from the window—down the road that led toward the city. Maybe the coaches, the teachers, the other fellows in school were not always fair, but it did not do any good to become morose and discouraged over the matter.

Suddenly he understood why he was feeling more cheerful. It was the same thing that had made Grace's face bright when she had solved that problem of geometry—he had been accomplishing something. He had dug a path through the snow, a path that was needed.

If he could master that French—

"Well, as Dad said, there's no harm in trying," he murmured.

At that moment he heard his father's voice in the kitchen.

"Mrs. Tuttle is better," he was saying. "But your mother will not be home to supper—she wants you to get it."

Earl did not hear his sister's reply. He had suddenly started forward, his eyes fixed on a point down the road toward the valley. Something was happening down there.

People were shoveling the road—two or three people, but, if Earl's eyes judged correctly, at least a dozen!

He gazed a minute longer; then with a shout he ran to the kitchen and pulled on his mittens, cap, and leggins.

"We're going to the party after all!" he said to Grace. "The whole crowd is coming up the road, shoveling a path!"

He rushed out; a few minutes later he stood among his schoolmates—having waded and rolled through the drifts to the point where they were digging. Cy Washburn was there—and Ted Coy, and Jim Nelson, and eight others!

"We got to thinking about your out here among the drifts," Cy said. "We were afraid you might miss the party—so we came along and cleared the path. Great sport—digging out!"

Earl smiled.

"I know," he said. "I've been doing some digging out myself!"

Life.

BY H. O. SPELMAN.

LIFE, God gave it, work and play;

You may save it thus for aye.

As you use it, 'twill increase;

But abuse it, soon 'twill cease.

If you live it but for wages,

You'll not give it to the ages.

Sacrifice it for a friend;

Men will prize it to the end.

As my life to-day has been determined by the way I lived my yesterday, so my to-morrow is being determined by the way I live my to-day.

RALPH WALDO TRINE.

Little Foolscap.

BY E. E. BROWN.

POOR shamefaced little Gelée! How faithfully he had studied the long lesson, and yet when the class was called up to recite, not one word could he remember. "Little Foolscap!" That was the nickname the boys had given him, for there was scarcely a day when he was not sent to the dunce's stool with a big white cap pulled over his eyes.

At first the teachers thought he was idle and careless, but when they saw how patiently he pored over his books, and how sweet-tempered and gentle he was, even when the rude boys made fun of him, they began first to pity and then to love the "Little Foolscap."

"He will never make a fine scholar, that is certain," they said to his parents, "but we have not a better-behaved boy in the whole school than Gelée."

The father and mother were poor, hard-working French peasants, and they said to one another,

"Well, if our little boy cannot be a scholar, as we hoped, he must learn a trade."

So Gelée was taken out of school and apprenticed to a pastry-cook. But here, too, he was called "Little Foolscap," for he was constantly making mistakes, and one day spoiled a whole batch of pies by sprinkling them with salt instead of sugar. It really seemed as if he had no memory, and as the cook could not trust him even to heat an oven or to mix a hash, he used to send him on errands. One day he was told to carry a large basket of puffs, jellies, and tarts to a rich customer who lived at the other side of the city of Toul. Gelée was delighted; there was nothing he liked better than a long walk like this, that would take him through the crowded streets and past the large shop windows. So with a bright smile he put the big basket on his head and trudged off as fast as possible.

Suddenly his eye fell upon a beautiful picture in one of the shop windows. Forgetting everything else, he put down his basket and looked and looked until it seemed as if he had stepped quite inside the picture and was walking through the grand old woods the artist had painted, and could hear the trickle of the little brook over the mossy stones, and the rustle of the falling leaves.

A rough push aroused Gelée from his dreams, and he turned just in time to see his precious basket disappearing around the corner. With a loud cry of "Stop thief!" Gelée ran after as fast as his feet could carry him, but it was too late; the basket and the thief were quite out of sight, and nothing could be done to recover the stolen goodies.

Poor Gelée was in despair. He knew he had done wrong to leave the basket on the sidewalk, and at first he was tempted to tell a falsehood about it. Finally, however, like a good honest boy, he ran back to his master and told him the whole story.

The pastry-cook was very angry; he had taken extra pains with this particular basket of goodies, as he wished to please the rich customer, and it was then too late to prepare another dessert.

Taking poor, penitent little Gelée by the shoulder, he gave him a furious shaking and sent him out of the shop. Up

and down the street the boy wandered, trying to find some place where he could earn his living as a servant. But every one knew him as the "Little Foolscap," and declared he was too careless and too stupid to learn anything.

At length he joined a party of boys who were going to Italy to seek their fortune. They proved, however, to be a reckless set of young tramps, and when they reached Genoa, Gelée left them, "to find," as he said, "some sort of honest work."

Now it so happened that a talented young artist in the city, Augusto Tassi by name, wanted a boy to grind his colors and take care of his studio. He liked the honest face of Gelée, and immediately took him into his service. Never before had the "Little Foolscap" been so kindly treated. There were no rude boys to make fun of him, and his new master, instead of scolding him, often praised him for his industry and faithfulness.

One day, when Gelée had finished his morning's work, and was watching his master sketch a tree upon his canvas, Tassi asked him, with a smile, if he would like to learn how to paint.

The boy started—could it be possible for a little Foolscap like himself to learn to do anything so beautiful as that? But he saw his master was in earnest, and, trembling with delight, he took the brush in his hand. At first it seemed as hard for him to remember his instructions in painting as it was to remember anything in his lessons at school, or at the pastry-cook's, but little by little, by dint of patience and perseverance, he learned to master every difficulty, both in drawing and in the mixing of colors.

It seemed now to Gelée as if a new world had opened before him. Rising very early in the morning, he would do all his chores before breakfast, so that he could sit down and paint with his master as soon as he came to the studio. Tassi was much pleased with Gelée's diligence and soon discovered that the boy was destined to become a great artist. Nothing escaped his keen, discerning eye. He learned all that Tassi could teach him, but from Nature, the great master, he learned still more. He would spend whole days out of doors. The clear, fresh tints of sunrise, the warm haze of mid-day, the mellow hues of twilight, Claude Gelée caught and imprisoned on his canvas as no artist before him had ever done. People came from far and near to see his beautiful paintings, and soon he had more orders than he could fill. By diligence and perseverance the "Little Foolscap" had become the most celebrated landscape painter in the world, and Lorraine, the province where he was born, was so proud of him that they always spoke of Claude Gelée as Claude *le Lorrain*. Fabulous prices were paid for his pictures and his generosity was as remarkable as his ability. He never forgot the sad days of the "Little Foolscap," and many poor, discouraged boys were helped by him to positions of honor and usefulness.

A man's action is only the picture-book of his creed.

EMERSON.

The highest political watchword is service.
ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

Retta's Reason.

BY FAYE N. MERRIMAN.

"I DON'T like that new girl," Retta said very, very decidedly.

Mr. Wentworth opened his gray eyes wide. "What's the reason?" he asked.

"I just don't like her."

"But—as I asked before—what's the reason?"

"I don't have to have a reason for things," Retta said rather crossly. "I don't like her—that's all."

"That's funny—I always thought there had to be a reason for everything," Mr. Wentworth remarked thoughtfully as he unfolded his paper and commenced to read.

Retta tapped upon the carpet with the tip of her toe for a while, then got up discontentedly and went outdoors. But Retta was cross, and nothing in the yard seemed to entertain her. Even the new white kittens in the barn did not serve to drive the frown from her brow.

Presently she went back into the house. "Father," she asked. "Will you take me for a ride this afternoon?"

Her father did not look up from his paper.

"No," he said calmly.

"Why—what's the reason?"

Mr. Wentworth glanced over the double sheet before him. "I don't have to have a reason," he answered.

Retta's cheeks burned, and she bit her lip angrily.

"I'm so tired of doing nothing," she said, "so I know what you mean. If I find a reason why I do not like the new girl will you take me for a ride in the car?"

"Certainly."

Retta clapped her hands and tried to think of an immediate reason why she did not like the new girl, but she couldn't think of any reason which did not sound illogical and foolish. She certainly could not say that she did not like the new girl's hair-ribbons—not to father anyway. Father had such queer notions.

"If I knew her I could soon find a reason," Retta said to herself; "the trouble is, I don't know her. I—I believe I'll go around and get acquainted. It will not take me long to find a dozen good reasons for not liking her—then I'll come home and take my ride."

So she fluffed out her own delicate pink ribbons, shook out her dainty gown, and ran around the corner to where the new girl lived. She knocked at the door.

"I've come to call on Gladys," she said to the pale, delicate-looking woman who opened the door.

"She's out in the barn. Shall I call her in—or will you hunt for her?"

"I'll go out to the barn," Retta answered, and walked sedately down to the big door which stood partly open.

At first there was such a clamor within that she had to clap her hands over her ears. The floor of the barn was very clean and very smooth, and the new girl was skating on roller skates with a freckled-faced boy a little older than herself. Over in the corner a roly-poly baby in a clean gingham romper suit pounded upon the wall with a tin spoon and laughed at frequent intervals. What a good time they were having!

"Oh—excuse me," Gladys cried out when she caught sight of Retta standing

Footprints in the Snow.

BY OLIVER PERRY MEDSGER.

Part III.

ONE of the most common trails seen on our winter rambles is that made by the white-footed mouse. This little rodent is found all over the United States and is active even in very cold weather. It makes a very pretty trail as it bounds over the snow. In the south and southwest, its footmarks may be seen in soft earth or in sand. It usually leaps three or four inches, but when in a hurry may go ten or twelve inches. The hind feet track first and the marks left by them are a little larger than those of the front ones. The print of the



"It makes a very pretty trail as it bounds over the snow."

tail often shows as a line between the footmarks.

During the deep snow last winter, I went out one morning to study tracks. There was a heavy crust of snow with less than an inch of soft snow on top. In a little grove along marshy meadow lands I saw the tracks of White-foot. He came

in the doorway. "We were having such a good time and making so much noise we couldn't hear. I'm glad to see you. This is my cousin Teddy—he comes over every Saturday afternoon to play. Can you skate?"

Retta shook her head.

Gladys sat down on a box and took the rollers from her feet. "Then we'll play something else," she said. "After a while we are going to have a play party—just little sandwiches and fruit and little cakes and things, you know. We're so glad you've come. This barn is so big, the three of us just sort of 'rattle' in it. Do you want to swing?"

She seized Retta's hand, and before that small girl knew what she was doing, the two of them were in the wide swing seat, with Teddy pushing them. And presently Retta's laughter rang out as loud as that of any of the others.

After they had played for an hour and had the "play party" Retta jumped up. "Come over to my house, and father will take us for an auto ride," she cried.

When they came into the yard father stepped out upon the porch. Retta flushed, but her eyes met his. "This is Gladys Hill, the new girl," she said, "and Teddy Hill, her cousin. And this is baby Betty. Will you take us for a ride, father?"

Father raised his eyebrows and smiled significantly.

from the stump of a dead tree about twenty feet high, near the top of which were holes made by woodpeckers. His soft, warm nest was probably in one of these cavities. He had hopped slowly along the ground for fifty feet or more, until he came to a broken tree, the base of which was still lying on the stump. I could follow his footprints along the trunk until they reached the stump. At the base of the broken tree he bounded lightly over the snow, going around small trees, popping into holes, probably looking for seeds. We often find numerous cherry pits under the bark of dead trees, or in cavities at the base of stumps, each seed with a hole gnawed in one end so that the mouse can get the kernel. Under the loose bark at the base of the dead tree, White-foot found some seeds of the wild cherry, but there was nothing left but the empty shells, so he had to travel on. He then turned toward the meadow which was only a few yards away and on reaching it began to hop about the hummocks, often going under the bent grasses and snow. Probably he was getting something to eat from the roots or the stems, as they emerged from the ground. He soon came to a smooth, open space at least fifty feet wide with scarcely a spear of grass for shelter. White-foot wanted to reach the opposite side, so he boldly went forward. Before he had gone halfway, his hops became long leaps. On each side of his trail were two curved marks made by the wings of a bird. How little White-foot jumped, going this way and that, to avoid his enemy! A claw-mark could be seen in the snow, showing that once his foe missed his mark. A few bounds more and the trail ended. White-foot had been carried away by a long-eared owl. It may have been the one I saw on entering the grove, an interesting bird that spent the winter in that locality.

(To be continued.)

"I have found the reason," Retta said, "and it is—myself."

And father smiled again, his nicest, friendliest smile. "I'm going to the garage now," he said.

Sparrows.

WHAT shall I say to the sparrow
Who lives in the near-by hedge,
And daily comes
For the wheaten crumbs
That I strew on my window-ledge?

"Sparrow, sparrow, noisy and rude,
You anger me by your attitude,
Do you feel no qualms
When you take my alms
With never a hint of gratitude?"

"Sparrow, sparrow, idle and bold,
Bread is sold for its weight in gold,
But you flit and twit
From bit to bit,
And you scold and scold and scold!"

And the sparrow answered never a word,
Though he cocked his head and he must
have heard.

He ate his fill and he left my sill.
Upon my word!

A sparrow's the impolitest bird!

JESSICA NELSON NORTH,
in St. Nicholas.



THE BEACON CLUB



OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

18 OAK STREET,
SANFORD, ME.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like very much to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear its button.

I am eleven years old and in the eighth grade in the Emerson School.

I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. Mrs. Reed is my teacher, and Rev. George F. Pratt is the minister. We have a Junior Alliance and I love to go, we have such good times! We had a fair and raised over sixty dollars, then we had another and raised over forty-five dollars. I love to read *The Beacon*, especially the letter and puzzle corners.

From your unknown friend,
CONSTANCE M. BROOKS.

Our Club members will gladly welcome to our Corner a new member, writer of stories for *The Beacon* and other papers. Sunny Jim shall have a Club button all to himself, because his pranks add to the gaiety and joy of life of those of us who read this Corner.

CARYVILLE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—May I have a button and belong to the Beacon Club, please? I don't go to Sunday school on account of rheumatism, but each Sunday I send a written answer to some question and am counted as being present. The first things I had published at all

The Prize Essays on Prohibition.

IN submitting for publication the three first-prize essays on the subject of "The Benefits of Prohibition," in the recent contest, the Unitarian Temperance Society says: "The judges had a difficult task, for the Society asked for 'first-hand knowledge' and some excellent essays told only what some one else had said. The awards were finally made, taking everything into consideration, to those who had told the most original stories in the best language."

The Society extends thanks to all who submitted essays and only regrets that there could not be a prize for each one.

We take pleasure in publishing herewith the essay which won the first prize in Group I (ages eight to eleven years), which was written by Rena Hawley of Genesee, Ill.

THE BENEFITS OF PROHIBITION.

Prohibition is proving to be a great benefit to the citizens of the United States. Our City Attorney stated that there are less than half as many disorderly persons since saloons were removed.

A man who drinks cannot easily be employed. Many companies have large signs reading, "No Drinking Man Employed."

Now that the saloons are closed, fathers come home with money and provisions for their families. Therefore the mothers have better food, clothing, homes, and friends. Thus the grocers and other merchants claim they do a much larger business since prohibition went into effect.

It is noticed that the children of alcoholic drinkers are often deformed in some piteous way. There are two such children who live in my vicinity. Both of their fathers were strong drinkers. Since prohibition the fathers have proven themselves to be good, honest

were in *Every Other Sunday*, in the Letter Box. It was *The Dayspring* when I first had it in my baby days.

I hope the button is big enough so Sunny Jim can't carry it off. He is the canary that owns me, and he should have been a crow. He has broken off the top of my Christmas begonia in the rustic basket, trying to light on it. Now he is on top of my reddest, shiniest apple, gobbling for dear life. I understand him to say he wants to borrow a stocking from the ostrich in the Zoo and have it filled with lettuce. Besides, he has asked Santa for an apple, a six-inch bit of string, and a feather to play with. I fear Santa will give Jim a broom-straw whip and some sawdust pudding instead. I told Jim this, and he glared and scolded me hard.

Your friend,
EDNA S. KNAPP.

2128 BOLTON STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Dear Miss Buck,—I get *The Beacon* regularly every Sunday at our church, and enjoy reading it very much. I am twelve and have been in America about a year. We came from England, and as I have not joined any clubs yet I would love to join this one.

Yours sincerely,
ERNEST FARLEY.

Other new members of our Club are James Hiatt, Atlanta, Ga.; Alice Chamberlain, Castine, Me.; Marion V. Brown and Gertrude Heath, Montpelier, Vt.

New members in Massachusetts are Donald L'Amoureux, Norton; Barbara Holbrook, Sherborn; Helen Porter, West Roxbury.

fathers. Money that was formerly spent for alcoholic drink is now being saved or put to some profitable use in many such homes.

The grain that was used in large distilleries is now being made into nourishing foods. Greatest of all is the many, many lives that are being saved. There are fewer accidents and less disease. The removal of saloons removes the constant reminder and source of alcohol.

Church School News.

THE J. C. U. Lend a Hand Club and the Lincoln Club, composed of the members of two classes each of girls and boys from ten to fifteen years of age in the church school at Belmont, Mass., recently held a very successful Allied Bazaar. Each table represented one of the Allied nations, the attendants wearing the costume of the country, and the goods displayed being such as one would most naturally associate with it. The United States table, with its supply of ice-cream cones, proved a strong attraction. Just what Russia's part should be was a bit puzzling until the happy thought occurred to some one of having on this table an enormous squash to which was attached a conundrum, "Why is Russia like this squash?" the answer being, "Because she keeps us guessing." Patrons of the bazaar were asked to pay five cents for the privilege of guessing the weight of the squash.

From the proceeds of this bazaar the two clubs represented were able to turn over to the church-treasurer the sum of \$200 toward the fund now being raised for a new parish house. The minister of this church is Rev. Charles T. Billings, and the director of the bazaar was the parish assistant, Mrs. Emma A. Allen.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXXV.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 16, 4, 9, is a place to stop.
My 10, 20, 12, 4, is the opposite of fat.
My 21, 11, 9, 12, is a girl's name.
My 7, 12, 6, 10, 8, is a boy's name.
My 14, 15, 19, 17, 7, is a color.
My 1, 12, 4, 8, is a girl's name.
My 3, 2, 18, is the opposite of cold.
My 5, 6, 8, 12, 18, means large.
My 13, 6, 7, 20, is not bound.
My whole is an American author.

ALICE CHAMBERLAIN.

ENIGMA XXXVI.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 4, 8, 11, is a little domestic animal.
My 9, 20, 29, 22, 15, 12, 27, sheds light and is seen in the country.
My 2, 13, 19, is a sweet preserve.
My 14, 25, 7, is an old way to spell off.
My 18, 3, 26, 30, is something to keep articles safely.
My 10, 23, 16, 21, is another word for minus.
My 28, 6, is what somebody said at Christmas.
My 1, is a common article.
My 5, 17, 24, 5, is the Scotch name for church.
My whole is a popular saying.

H. B.

TWISTED ARTISTS OF THE WORLD.

1. Morege.
2. Gerocicrg.
3. Tugnerrz.
4. Healpar.
5. Longheit.
6. Naiftti.
7. Robehum.
8. Nusak.
9. Silaim.
10. Timell.

E. C.

A RIDDLE.

I am found on a skirt, I am found on a hat;
On a threshing machine, for the matter of that;
Made of woolen, of satin, of silver, of gold,
Of iron, of rubber, of things manifold.
I'm pirates, I'm pilgrims, I'm soldiers, all three.
I journey by land and I sail on the sea;
But most I'm admired when noisy I pass
Down the street of your town, made of nickel and brass!

Youth's Companion.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 15.

ENIGMA XXXI.—Thomas Jefferson.
ENIGMA XXXII.—The League of Nations.
BEHEADINGS.—1. Cloud, loud. 2. Snow, now.
3. Dice, ice. 4. Plumber, lumber. 5. Hair, air.
HIDDEN GIRLS' NAMES.—1. Helen. 2. Anna.
3. Ellen. 4. Esther. 5. Eva. 6. Sara. 7. Emma. 8. Ada.

THE BEACON

FLORENCE BUCK, Editor.

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